HAIKU

*by Matsuo Basho:*

The old Pond –

A frog leaps in.

Splish! Deep resonance.

­No one travels  
Along this way but I,  
This autumn evening.

A field of cotton –

as if the moon

had flowered.

A cicada shell;

it sang itself

utterly away.

Awake at night--

the sound of the water jar

cracking in the cold.

Even this grass hut

could for the new owner be

a festive house of dolls

A weathered skeleton

in windy fields of memory,

piercing like a knife

*by Kijo Murakami:*

First autumn morning:

the mirror I stare into

shows my father's face.

*by Kato, Shuson:*

I kill an ant  
and realize my three children  
have been watching.

*by Ryusui:*

In all this cool  
is the moon also sleeping  
There, in the pool?

*by Kobayashi Issa:*

The snow is melting

and the village is flooded

with children.

A giant firefly:

that way, this way, that way, this –

and it passes by.

A lovely thing to see:  
through the paper window's hole,  
the Galaxy.

*by Jack Keruac:*

All day long

wearing a hat

that wasn’t on my head

Glow worm

sleeping on this flower –

your light’s on.

*by Andeyev, Alexey V.:*

Spring backup in CS lab:  
time to fall in love with  
certain humanware.

*by Chris Spruck:*

Faceless, just numbered.  
Lone pixel in the bitmap –  
I, anonymous.

*by Dave McCroskey:*

the morning paper  
harbinger of good and ill  
­– I step over it

*by Noel Kaufmann:*

Behold the ego  
Set in glowing emptiness  
On the edge of time